

# THE MIRROR



HALF IMAGES

MARI PETZER '88

Winter and Spring 1989

## Table of Contents

<i>Exit 35</i> , Kate Petty .....	Page 3
<i>Photo</i> , Sabine Gebser .....	Page 4
<i>Photo</i> , Mari Fetzer .....	Page 5
<i>For Marlon</i> , Caitlin Anderson .....	Page 6
<i>No Magic Today</i> , Hannah Lai .....	Page 7
<i>Paper Sheets</i> , Mike Megali .....	Page 8
<i>Photo</i> , Justin Van Wart .....	Page 9
<i>The Sparks That Fly</i> , Eric Tentarelli .....	Page 10
<i>Photo</i> , Elisa Istueta .....	Page 10
<i>Earthsky Movie</i> , Neal Hampton .....	Page 11
<i>Night by Iris</i> , Lisa Levy .....	Page 12
<i>Photo</i> , Sabine Gebser .....	Page 14
<i>Cat &amp; Mouse 1</i> .....	Page 15
<i>Surface Somewhere</i> , Margaret Litvin .....	Page 16
<i>Walking Around at Tea</i> , Anne Volwein .....	Page 17
<i>Photo</i> , Elisa Istueta .....	Page 17
<i>Photo</i> , Elisa Istueta .....	Page 18
<i>Self Portrait as a Broken Guitar String</i> , Julie Arnovitz .....	Page 18
<i>Welcome Home</i> , Doug Kern .....	Page 19
<i>Neon Stripes</i> , Julie Arnovitz .....	Page 20
<i>Photo</i> , Justin Van Wart .....	Page 21
<i>Photo</i> , Justin Van Wart .....	Page 23
<i>My Ghost</i> , Hannah Lai .....	Page 24
<i>Photo</i> , Mari Fetzer .....	Page 25
<i>The Island</i> , Hannah Lai .....	Page 26
<i>Cat &amp; Mouse 2</i> .....	Page 27
<i>I</i> , Neal Hampton .....	Page 28
<i>Dreamplain</i> , Neal Hampton .....	Page 29
<i>Photo</i> , Tanya Rulon Miller .....	Page 30
<i>Pieces</i> , Emily Gordon .....	Page 31
<i>I Killed Franco Matic</i> , Tony Adler .....	Page 32
<i>Staff</i> .....	Page 35
<i>Special Patrons</i> .....	Page 36

*Somewhere in Southern California, midday.*

It was hot, a typical Southern California day. The glare of a noonday sun combined with smog and the distinct tang of Coppertone wafted through the open doors and violently smacked our subject under the nose. We find I. M. Afraud, the reputable artist and entrepreneur, in his home with the wife and kids, scheming.

"If you'll excuse me, kids, I have work to do. I'll take you to the circus next year," said I. M. (The "I" standing for Igor). Climbing the stairs to his studio, Igor worked out the details of his new painting.

"I really feel inspired by this one," he thought to himself, "The unity of the colors, the esthetic integrity and composition - even when I think about it I can feel the sensation and power of love! Naaa, I know the real reason why I'm letting the creative juices course through my body - to pay off that \$150,000 Ferrari sitting in the garage"

By this time, Igor was resting in front of the door of his studio. He wasn't as young as he used to be, and he sure wasn't as thin. Igor was the kind of person who shopped at Rochester's Big and Tall, took up two seats on the bus and always ate the last cookie in the jar.

Igor picked up the balloons resting on the table and waded through the piles of brushes, palettes, and Sherwin-Williams Industrial Maintenance Coatings. Going to the cabinet, he chose Roadway Brown, Chinese Red and Midnight Blue as the colors of the day. Igor carefully filled a dozen balloons with the three colors and attached them to a large canvas.

"Almost ready!" he exclaimed, "But where did I put the key?" Searching frantically around the cluttered room, under the table, behind canvasses stacked haphazardly in the corner, Igor finally found the sacred key under a turkey sandwich from yesterday's lunch.

"Hungry, Spike?" Igor asked of the family dog. "Here ya go, boy!" He tossed the sandwich out the door, and the dog bounded after it, falling quickly down the stairs. Locking the door, Igor crept as silently as was possible for a man his size to the sealed cabinet. Pushing the key into the lock, he turned it until hearing the familiar click.

"Aahh, they're still here." The door revealed Igor's collection of Magnums, sub-machine guns, and pistols.

"This one looks good," he thought, pulling out a machine gun and carefully screwing on the silencer - a touch designed strictly for the benefit of the neighbors.

Clad only in plaid boxer shorts knee-high socks with \$1.99 thongs from the Five & Dime, he moved clumsily to the canvas where earlier he had hung the paint-filled balloons. Crouching down, he examined the canvas from all angles, trying to find the one which would produce a fresh look, but remain true to the theme of the painting. Igor grabbed the gun and slung the belt of bullets over his pasty shoulder, looking like an older Elvis on a drug bust. With the stock of the gun buried in his rolling stomach, Igor stood back and practiced his aim. He cast a sideways glance in the mirror, trying to psyche himself up, a ritual he found crucial to his technique.

"Yeah," Igor thought, "I look good." Finally he was ready to commence his artistic indulgence.

"POP, POP, RAT-A-TAT, BOP, BOP, TWANG," the bullets seared through the canvas, as the Chinese Red spurt across the room, making the whole scene come alive.

"Hot damn!" Igor exclaimed. He sat back in the Lazy Boy, exhausted.

Wait 'til they see this! I am totally maxed out - a new color combination. Roadway Brown gives depth, a poetic darkness, contrasting with Chinese Red and Midnight Blue. Wow, dude! I'm freaked!" Impulsively he decided to make this painting the centerpiece of his show. "I bet I can get \$25,000 for this puppy!" exclaimed Igor, revived by the energy of creation. Faintly he hears the soft patter of sensible shoes against cheap carpet.

"Dinner, dear," called his wife from behind the door.

"I'll be right down," Igor answered.

"I laid your tuxedo on the bed."

"Great, thank you!" he replied enthusiastically. Igor jumped from the chair and picked up the canvas,



---

being careful not to smear the still-wet paint. Lunging down the stairs, he reached the garage and decided to take his wife's Oldsmobile station wagon. Igor opened the door and placed the painting gingerly inside.

*...Later that night*

Igor felt uncomfortable in the constraints of his rented tuxedo as he stood proudly in front of his painting at the gallery showing. Contemplatively, he decided to name his masterpiece "Exit 35", in deference to the addition of Roadway Brown to his repertoire.

The aura of Muffy Muffenstock's Chanel No. 5 arouse Igor from his dreams. Turning, he saw her sauntering purposefully towards him, her heels clicking on the polished wood floor like a hypnotist's watch, mesmerizing him. Igor was struck by the splendor of her curvaceous body. Lustrous raven hair snaked down her back, accenting topaz skin. She had seductive eyes. Where they Robin's Egg Blue? Igor made a mental note to use the color in his next painting.

"Are you the artist?" she gushed in a throaty voice.

"Why, yes. Yes, I am," replied Igor.

"I just love your painting. The colors are splendid!" Muffy exclaimed.

"Well, that's how I derived the title. You see, the dominant color of the masterpiece, umm, I mean painting, is Roadway Brown, so I named it "Exit 35"," explained Igor, slowly so she would understand.

"Oh! I get it," bubbled Muffy after a few minutes. "You know, between you and me, this is a really nuclear painting. The color combination of Chinese Red, Midnight Blue, and Roadway Brown is fantastic! The brown really gives it depth, a poetic darkness," Muffy offered.

"My thoughts exactly," replied Igor.

"I simply have to have it. I've made arrangements with the gallery to pick it up tomorrow." Muffy turned and walked away. A smile crept over Igor's face as he watched her depart. He hadn't lost his touch. ◇





## For Marlon, with Love but Sorely Lacking in Squalor

---

### The Actor

The young man stood in the old theatre's wings, and he counted to five. He stood still and listened for his cue through the curtain while he counted.

"One," said a voice inside him. The young man thought through his opening line. He thought about taking a deep breath to begin with and about remembering to speak his consonants.

"Two," the voice said. The young man thought about the prop hidden in his toga, and about how he could get it out quickly, without seeming to try.

"Three," the voice said. And the young man felt excitement whispering in the pit of his stomach, like the wings of butterflies.

"Four," the voice began to break, and he could hear his own voice breaking, at his own first line. The whispers in his stomach quickened, and the young man tried to stop them, but they tightened into a knot.

"Five," said the voice. The young man's stomach lurched forward. The man in the lighting booth turned a knob, and the light shone ready to receive him on the stage. And with his soul singing in joy and his face haggard as though from sudden shock and pain, the young man strode like a conqueror to the center of the rostrum:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, Lend me your ears!"

### The Audience

The old man sat in the very front row of the audience, and he waited. He saw the scene before him and knew that speeches and dialogue were being carried out, but he could scarcely keep his thoughts upon them. For him the voices of the players faded as soon as the Cue For Five Counts was spoken. The old man knew that there would be five counts between the cue and the speech's opening line. He knew because he had stood in the same wings of the theatre himself, many years before. So he began to count.

"One," he said to himself. The woman sitting next to him looked at him, and raised her eyebrows.

"Two," he said. He wondered if the boy had been told to take a deep breath before the beginning.

"Three," he said. He spoke it quietly because the woman beside him was looking at him and edging to the far end of her seat.

"Four," he said. The old man in the audience thought through all the things he had thought about standing in those wings and counting to five. He thought about timing and accent and breathing and intention. The pit of his stomach grew tight.

"Five," the old man whispered, and though he must have looked haggard and worn, his soul was singing in a sudden rush of joy as he gazed at the conqueror in the center of the rostrum:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, Lend me your ears!"



## No Magic Today

---

It so happens I am sick of walking around  
the house when God puts on  
another production of  
"Forty Days and Forty Nights."

The leprechaun pulls on his  
Sporto boots even though  
he is drenched through  
his rotting Halloween suit.

There is no magic today,  
No Rainbow —

The pot of gold has become a  
chamber pot for the  
wilted flower clouds.

The wicked stepmother hands  
Cinderella a witch's broom  
and a waltzing dust pan.

But there is no magic within  
their synthetic plastic fibers  
today.

A trace of ancient Salem,  
I begin to chant several  
lines of lovely prose.

Lines of such an enchanting spell.  
Oh Damn! Hell! Dang it!

Before two winks,  
the wicked step mother  
has presented me sponges  
with deep infected pores —  
in my honor.

Using the King Kong strolling step,  
I break all the delicate bones  
of the victimized Frito Lay bag,  
like Jodie Foster in a bar.

"Oh, I'm sorry!"  
I give it one more promenade to  
watch the attic rusted organs  
spill across the Amazon jungle.

Suburbs of half drunken  
Pepsi cans who have  
lost the special sensuality  
of chilling CO<sub>2</sub>.

The new generation has betrayed its  
promise.

Traces of the cause can be found on  
blemished condominium  
glasses that cry like  
stoics for a touch of Cascade.

A raped Campbell soup can  
clings dearly to its aluminum brain  
preserver.

Even CPR is too late.

Pieces of soggy noodles lie in  
a marshland of cream of chicken  
mushroom.

A litter of snake hairs and minute ant dust  
sscrumble together wildly,  
like winter harvest wheat  
fighting in the Kansas wind.

They cling together as if the  
KKK and NAACP were  
cataclysmically united.

Team Work.

The Black Hole sucks them up like an  
octopus, anyway —

Its great consuming vacuum mouth.

I pick up the Rhodes Scholar's  
book on Evolutionary Statistical  
Theories —

THE FAR SIDE — CALVIN AND  
HOBBS

The modern scientist Gary Larson can not  
be closer to the truth.

Dinosaurs died of lung cancer,  
smoking too many empty paper  
towel tubes.

Even Cinderella can not go to  
the ball every day.

She drops the family's crystal glass vase  
and finds herself in the  
musty basement tomb of  
King Tut,

With another broom.

There is no magic today.

## Paper Sheets

---

Carl recently turned fifty-nine.  
His army fatigues.  
Nasal skid marks on the sleeve.  
His white beard...yellow?  
Saturated with the acrid smell of tobacco.

Tuna casserole.  
Dish du Jour.  
Those nuns.  
True gourmets.

They found Sam Monday.  
His death bench.  
Lying in the evil January wind.  
A fish, bottle in hand,  
His urine an acidic tundra,  
Clings parasitically to the hair on his legs.

Norman chats quietly.  
A radio left on.  
An empty room.

Concrete mattress.  
Paper sheets.





## The Sparks That Fly

---

The sparks that fly from grating of the spheres  
Are brighter than the stars; no human ears  
Can hear the sound of song for long above  
The clacking of the broken croaking gears.

There is no fear of thunder, only of  
Its absence, silence, like the velvet glove  
Of death that halts the madly spinning globe  
to counteract the kamikaze shove.

The crepuscule is blamed upon the aube,  
Its dirge-like tune remembered Niobe;  
The much-offended earth, like tested Job,  
Cries out, a suicidal necrophobe.



## Earthsky Movie

---

Darkness, as usual,  
in the beginning.  
Soft light drips  
from the sky,  
Falling threads of light  
lace the soil, filling it.  
The soil stirs, breathes.  
It shimmers in the darkness.  
The sky comes to the earth.  
The light caresses the soil.  
Together they unite:  
Transfiguration.  
This is the Earthsky.  
This is the womanman.

Through the land walks a solitary figure.  
The soul of the figure explores beyond the body.  
The body wades as if through a fog.  
The soul expands, no bounds.  
The face is uncovered yet veiled  
as if it had softened in the heat.  
The figure is seen only from a distance.  
If approached, it will melt into the land.  
But you do not see the soul.  
You only see how it walks.  
The steps are measured careful slow.  
But the body contorts thrusts warps.

You are sitting in a dark room.  
You watch the figure on the screen.  
For a moment you feel the rising up within.  
You excuse yourself and move to the bathroom.  
You cover your face with your hands.  
You laugh loudly in front of the mirror.  
You do not return to the screen.  
You count to ten and feel much better.

As if tied down, you feel trapped.  
You cannot face what comes from within.



# Night by Iris

---

## I. She thinks

G-d, it was priceless. At least on stage, if the ending's not happy, the poignancy makes up for it, too beautiful to wrap up neatly with lovers perfectly paired.

Happily ever after, she thought—it's boring.

But still, there were so many blank years left. She was impatient to watch them fill with rents and scratches and the occasional exclamation point—something good. No, something extraordinary. Just not tonight.

...at least it's warm tonight. Balmy, like a picture postcard with tree silhouetted against the full white moon, white only in the photos, almost orange to-night. *Greetings from Wherever*. They were always the same. She'd gotten one just yesterday too—just not from the right person.

Damn, damn, damn! And why was it always like this? What was it with this place? The air was becoming uncomfortably balmy, pushing toward sticky. Maybe that was it. The thought of sticky bodies glued together by sweat and humidity was a rather repulsive one. Romance is visual. You don't feel the air in movies, in drama, in dance.

And the room. If she changed the sheets twice a day there would still be little bugs between...finding their way as if by some unseen homing device, a plot to distract her from her comfortable soliloquy, a convention of conniving insects determined to drive her off the tenebrous edge.

Into what? she thought, squishing the latest find between her fingers, feeling the moistness cling to the palpable tips: *my fingers are sensitive, like my lips, would they bleed too if I bit them*

She ran her tongue over her lips. At least for once they weren't dry, begging a shell of Vaseline. An advantage to this unbearable humidity...oh, it clings to me like a third skin. I can peel it off lightly *wrap around me, protect me* I can peel it away, layer by layer, until all that's left is—what is left?

Outside the flowers exfoliated themselves. The gardenias sweated; scent poured from them deliciously. The flowers needed very little watering.

She had felt their soft fullness against her skin. She thought, wouldn't it be nice if our pores breathed such sweetness? They mocked her, these unflowery flowers. They asked for nothing but a little sunshine to bloom into fierce protection; feminine, graceful, sensuous.

She rolled onto her other side and sighed. Her legs ached. But whatever is left? It ached more. She let the sweet thick darkness draw gently over her eyelids. Turkish coffee hung before her, muddy with richness. It was a very humid night.

And just as she slipped into the dark full pool behind her eyes, letting her mind stop, stop splashing and treading in the flashes of light and just sink into the relief of still nothing, there was a light knock on the door.

He stood outside very quietly, waiting. If she was asleep, he didn't want to wake her...oh well. He shrugged to reassure himself. If only she knew...knew about her irises. They grew from her... if he could explain that to her perhaps she could see whatever was underneath his insecurity, whatever was left after all the awkward starts. Whatever was left...like her irises, opening quietly to reveal the deep blush of nighttime violet. They curled up into brittle puffs after their one lush sunset. If he could explain it to her, if—no, he could never tell her. Good thing she was asleep—who could tell what this humidity would allow him to say?

A little disappointed, he went back to bed.

Sometime during the sleepless night, the veil of moisture lifted.

## II. She sleeps

And when he turns his hair follows  
Slow circle, arc of light hair. He turns to find her  
There!  
Do you know what self-containment is? Let the faucet run.  
Watch the flow of water.  
Does it ever break  
or stop? Do you see yourself  
in the steady stream? No? Then you are broken and  
scattered in  
a million unretrievable fragments.

---

*She thought she could never love anyone with light light hair)*

A steady stream of light, pouring energy, pouring until it left her empty  
Oh, I can fill the space with dreams enough to cut my teeth on.  
I can fill it with sunshine too.  
Day by sight—words, time, hiding in letters. But night  
has no empty order. Night we are all equal, because we cannot see each other. I can't see you. We cannot see  
the hour ahead. We stumble through glass walls by scent, by feel,  
leaving the niches to guide the others.  
Oh, damn it, where are you?

What are you doing now,  
in this moment? Are you breathing in  
my thoughts? I send them to you...  
I send them to you in a steady stream.  
Will they find you, make you know  
what my eyelids are too shy to tell?  
We live day by the deception of sight—but  
we are not living on stage...  
day by eye and night  
by whatever's left...night by iris.

Suddenly he felt a great surge of tension penetrate his chest.  
He had been sleeping face down; he woke and found  
that the air was much lighter  
again and so he turned on his side and fell back  
asleep. ◇







## Cat & Mouse

---

To the editor:

It has come to our attention through unpleasant personal experience that we as a group are vastly underrated at Phillips Academy. We are at the bottom of any recognizable structure set up for the purpose of determining rank and privilege; in this complicated hierarchy we are even lower than the lower class.

We compensate for our feelings of inferiority by writing grandiose and pretentious sentences using overdone and meaningless cliches. We refer sententiously to anything we can get our hands on and massacre our metaphors mercilessly. Even our name is used as an insult here — *Junior*.

We aren't speaking for all juniors, just us, Cat and Mouse. As female, junior, day students, we think that perhaps we are getting the short end of the stick. We have to wonder why, since we know this campus and this town as well as or better than most Seniors!

So we will hopefully be here (please, please, please, Mr. Editor!) to comment on life at Andover as we see it. Ours isn't a bird's-eye view exactly, more that of something small and four-footed, looking up...

Sincerely,  
Cat and Mouse '92

## Surface Somewhere, Smiling Cynically

---

Cassandra walked out of GW and across the lawn. "This campus is like a swamp, only wetter," she wanted to say. But of course she couldn't talk to herself: that would never do. "And I'm not the most interesting person to talk to anyway," she lamented inwardly, and praised her own wit. She wouldn't, however, be able to say that line to anyone: it just wasn't relevant.

"I am like a garden hose which someone has knotted, full of clever things to say and almost bursting from the pressure because I can never say them," mused Cassandra, and then added, "And I'll never say that one either; that's unfortunate."

As she walked toward the library, she hummed snatches of Johann Sebastian Bach's thirteenth Invention, wishing that someone would ask her what it was and why she was humming it. "It's such a perfect day for Bach, isn't it?" she would reply, capturing the very essence of simple eloquence. "Simple eloquence": she liked that. Maybe in her next Competence paper she could work it in somehow.

Entering the library, Cassandra stopped humming and thought about how the temperature was exactly the same inside as out; an interesting fact she would surely try to share with someone. She went straight to the stacks and got the book she was looking for. It was a fat history of language, and she hoped someone would comment on it. She brought it to the desk, extracted her ID from the back pocket of her faded, baggy jeans, and waited.

She considered commenting on the sudden change of weather, but saw that the librarian was preoccupied and instead looked through her mail. Cassandra had received only form letters, and she thought about junk mail and how one could make a witty comment on it.

Coming up with nothing better than "I wonder how many trees we waste per year at PA alone?", Cassandra took her book and walked out of the library. As she headed for Bulfinch, she started reviewing her arguments for that day's debate. "Debate is useless because either we feel too strongly and are illogical, or we don't give a damn and are indifferent," she reflected, but nonetheless, she loved debate and wanted a 6. She entered the classroom.

"That was the mental equivalent of doing situps in a mud puddle!" thought Cassandra, emerging from the building forty-five minutes later. "That one is too good to miss," she added internally. I'll have to work it into one of my books. Maybe I could have this smart-alec journalist character..."

"Thinking of which," pondered Cassandra, I should really give that piece on shadows to the Mirror. "Then she paused and pondered that statement. "Authors always call a story a 'piece', don't they? They never mention what it's a piece of." Yes, that one was certainly clever. She definitely needed that journalist character. Maybe her English teacher would assign a short story soon, where she could introduce him. She would name him Reginald R. Rutherford, or perhaps Samuel S. Schmozlestein. It depended. In any case, he would travel all over the world, delivering dry, caustic comments everywhere he went.

"Someday soon, Samuel S. Schmozlestein should surface somewhere, smiling cynically," thought Cassandra, and mentally lauded the elegant alliteration. Maybe someday she would write a book about it: Alliterative Eloquence. Maybe not; she would have to see.

Cassandra walked into Commons and sat down with her lunch at a table in the far corner. She opened her book on the history of language. Surprisingly, someone joined her. She twiddled her necklace, subconsciously hoping that he would comment on it. He didn't.

"What's your name?" he asked.

She brushed her blond hair out of her face and said, "Call me Sandy." ◇

## Walking Around at Tea

---

It so happens that I am sick of being a woman.  
I enter polite conversation armoured in nauseating sweetness  
Surface, bolted by workmen in hardhats.  
The rose is an ugly growth, flagrant and vain.  
All I want is to beome like the men centured for misdemeanors.  
All I want is a setting free of the pre-tense, free of the dense floral stench.  
I am sick of my lipstick and my flesh and my long tapered fingers.  
It so happens that I am sick of being a woman.  
Yet, would it not be sensational to bring the house down with rippling  
peals of laughter, or to violate tea-time with cracked cups and saucers,  
or to shred a flawless  
white debutante's gown.  
I'm tired of being a rotting carcass filled with fluff  
I'm tired of being a cut-glass candy dish on the coffee table  
So, I take a deep breath and when I reach the very brink of the living  
room there lies the kitchen where the bars are of heavy cream. The walls  
have a delicate nature.  
I could make them tumble with a scream, but I won't.  
I'll go on in this sterile garden, making use of the hedge-clippers to cut  
off my fingers.  
One by one they'll fall. Bloodless.







### Self Portrait as a Broken Guitar String

beneath the damp, hair-smelling towel,  
a string in the black case broke.  
a powerful -TWAP ! THWANG ! -  
split the room.  
before I could turn my head,  
it was silent again.

An entire day can float by  
disappear into a mist of consciousness.  
An hour can be dawdled off the tips of thumbnails.  
The minute hand passes unseen.  
But the seconds revel in the explosiveness.  
where were you when the gun went off?  
the starting line will always be with you.  
tense muscles just touched by the surge of energy  
right arm extended, mouth open.

Who remembers the exact tone of the song  
when I raised my voice to sing with the strumming  
fingertips pressed against the smooth wood?  
It fades, a child's crayon drawing.  
Unlike the whipcrack engraved in my walls.

## Welcome Home

---

Home to El Salvador.  
Home to this crevice in the ground.  
Home again.

Home from America.  
Exeter.  
I was expelled — I stood up to a bully.  
(His ribs will heal soon enough.)  
They said it was the last straw.  
They would put up with my violence no longer.  
They didn't understand.  
I am not "a part of El Salvador."  
El Salvador is a part of me.

Home to my family.  
Mama and little Maria.  
Little Maria! Not so little anymore.  
She can walk and talk.  
She can help Mama with the chores.  
She can cook and wash clothes.  
And Mama says she can fire a gun with her plastic hand.

And Mama, oh, my beautiful Mama.  
As beautiful as ever,  
but older; not so you'd notice at first  
but she sags in her seat a little more, and  
she's more quiet than usual,  
and more lines scar her face.

But my strong Mama, she never complains,  
not like those old village hags.  
She sometimes weeps about Papa,  
though.  
Sometimes I wonder if Papa is another story  
Like Santa Claus and the Easter bunny.

Home.  
To fight the enemy.  
Who is the enemy tonight? Who knows?  
I must fight.  
What did the teacher say? "Tis not ours  
to reason why...."  
It must be nice, to have the luxury of reasoning.  
But I must fight.

Home.  
To the trenches.  
With my friend the rifle.  
My friendly, trusty old assault rifle.  
The air is thick with gunsmoke,  
and the smell of corpses.  
So unlike the fresh, American air.  
So pure, that air.  
I belong here.

I belong here.  
It is my destiny, to rebel with my friends.  
I do not belong at Exeter  
I do not belong in America.  
I do not belong anywhere except El Salvador.

For the lure of the righteous fight is beckoning me,  
The scream of the enemy calls me,  
the fight haunts me.  
The chaos, the mayhem, the bloodshed here  
all seem to say  
welcome home.

## Neon Stripes

---

Neon orange, yellow and green stripes stood out on his black K-Mart sweater and hat. "A shlumpa" my great-grandmother echoed in me. Yet as I jogged closer, I saw he walked in curt, measured, upright paces. Holding a golf club in his hands, he took little practice swings as he made his way to the bulldozed golf course. Still, glow-in-the-dark orange isn't flattering to anyone. One would think that after fifty or so years one would find out the basic realities of clothing one's self.

As I passed, he raised his head and smiled at me. My Walkman forced me to huff a louder "Hi" than the moment called for, but I could not have spoiled the aura of his face if I had tried. I wanted to turn around and look back at him. The split second image hung in my mind. He had almond colored skin and respectable wrinkles. I mean he looked genteel. The dark lines on his face were neat and symmetrical. They were marks of his experiences, lent him wisdom, and accentuated his black, sparkling eyes. It was his eyes that caught me. They had depth and calm emotion behind them. They seemed to say, "Listen, if you ever have a problem, come to me. We'll sit under a tree and talk about it." As the miles crawled by, I thought of the clash between the eloquent face and the putzy K-Mart outfit. I hope he hadn't noticed me watching him.

The worn leather of the six iron was cool and smooth under my hands as I strode to the course. Today I must practice my swing. It is the form that must be exact, knees bent, feet apart, hands intertwined. The brown, stubbly, grass barely moved under the club as I passed it back and forth. I heard footsteps approaching and automatically looked up to greet a red faced girl running by.

Behind her was the golf course. The construction companies had been working for weeks building new homes on the land, tearing great scars of brown dirt through the turf. They had long ago asked me not to use their property anymore. I had nodded my head in agreement, "Of course. Yes of course." smiling amiably. It was the good form that was important. I know I will not hurt anyone or break any windows so, every day at 1:00 I ignore the "NO TRESPASSING" SIGNS. They used to kick me out when they found me, but they became tired of telling me every day. Now they leave me alone. They just look at me as if I am some crazy old man who doesn't know his place.

It seems that through my life, I have often not known "my place", which is perfectly fine with me. I never want to be shackled into a cubby-hold. When I was a boy and this golf course was new, I heard the managers tell my father, "Oh we are sooo sorry Mr. ahh...Abramson, but we just don't have any more memberships available." Later when I was old enough to date, I would take the girl by the hand and we would finish the night with a stroll across the green, manicured hills and talk about the day we would be rich and powerful enough to own our own golf course. We would sit under the wispy branches of the tulipwood tree.

Watching the moonlight dance across her face as the shadowy leaves above swayed back and forth, I wanted to take her into my arms and feel her soft skin next to my face. I wanted to smell the perfume on her neck and snatch her earlobe between my teeth. Taking a deep breath of the crisp, newly-cut-grass air, I clenched two handfuls of the dewy blades. We gazed silently at a distant laurel tree spreading majestically over a light brown sand trap and talked about what each of us would do with our own golf courses. She said she would not have so many sand traps, because they were ugly and not very much fun to play around. I disagreed with her. My course would have many traps. Without overcoming difficulty, a player cannot improve. I never did get that golf course, but now that I am able to play on these once elegant, now withered and pock-marked slopes, I am not going to stop until the houses are strewn across every acre.

"Hey Ben!" one of the young workers greets me from across the field. There was a time when hearing your name yelled from across a field was not so pleasant. "Abramson, Benjamin Moshe!" It was not a name to be carried on a dog-tag. It was too heavy in history, responsibility, too out of form and it came first in the alphabet. I would stand right in the front, perfect as the table on Friday night, with my boots shined to blind the enemy. Up he would come, an inch from my face, his booming voice cracking in the air, "Abramson! Don't you even know how to tie your damn shoes right?!!?" The spittle from his contorted face hit my tense cheek. "YES! SIR!" I snapped, spitting not a little in his face. He loved me. In fact, he couldn't part with me. I went through boot camp twice.

On one of the first days, a young innocent complained that he didn't have any clean socks. "Well,

*(continued on page 22)*





---

have you tried taking them into the shower with you?" the captain demanded. From then on we stood naked under the cold, gushing water with a soiled sock on each hand, like some obscene, demented puppets.

I still hate washing clothes. Abigail had always done it so crisply and efficiently. Now that she is gone, everything is different, even the washing detergent. The first time I had to do a wash by myself, I used the box of soap that she had torn open with her very own hands. But all of the clothes came out stale and dry. I couldn't even fold them right. They remain bumpy and lopsided.

The only garments I can handle are dark and of forgiving material, like the outfit I have on right now. It really is my favorite. I have on black pants, and a black sweater and hat adorned with bright colored stripes. After Abigail passed away, I decided that I liked being different. I had tried so long to blend in, but now I treasure my eccentric stripes. I want to go out with a bang.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! The first time I heard a gun fire I nearly wet my pants. Now that's the truth. But shooting someone is not personal. Your hands are never soiled by the warm, spurting blood.

I had seen pictures of the piled corpses and heard stories of the gruesome torture, but I had never quite understood the immensity of the evil until I was overpowered by the stench of a camp. I was among one of the last liberating regiments and even before I could see the barbed wire, the reek of rotten flesh, infested and nauseating, was a physical force pushing on my chest.

As I reached the iron grillwork of the main gate, I saw a lone boy raising his gun against me. Either it jammed or he didn't have any bullets left. He looked up at the inscription on the top of the gate, "Arbeit macht frei", ("Work will make you free") as if for inspiration or help. This was where so many poor souls were paraded in and out and starved to death, or worse. Two of my grandparents were among the missing. What if I found their faces among the festering corpses? What if this little bastard could have saved them? This little bastard might have been the one who forced them into the shower line. With the heavy, sickening stink in my face, I screamed and rushed towards him.

I raised the butt of my gun and swung it down onto his head. Crack! Like splitting a coconut, I connected solidly with his skull and he fell to the ground limply, splattering us both with red, sticky blood.

I ran by the golf course again about two hours later with a heavy, sweaty Walkman in my hand. I happened to spot the neon stripes through the trees. You couldn't really miss them. He was still there. He must have been practicing his form for a long time. I saw him raise his club high and swing down hard. A clump of dirt rose, flew up in the air, and fell at his feet.

Golf is such a pathetic, elderly thing to do. I hope when I get older, I will not be reduced to puttering around a mangy turf or getting fashion tips from the *Revenge of the Nerds*. I saw him slowly sit down under some willow-like tree and gaze silently across the green. He must have had bright, canary yellow gloves to go with his outfit. I saw his hands stroking the grass. The old codger was probably just tired after doing all the terribly strenuous work—lifting his arms a few times to practice a few lame strokes. ◇





## My Ghost

---

I have memorized the photo a million and four times.  
Thick, round glasses.  
Peculiar lips.  
A prestigious smile.

He's dead you know.  
A tuft of black puffin hair.  
Neatly shaven.  
Big ears to consume the world.

Did you cry?  
A man of the arts.  
A man of literature.  
A man afraid of blood.  
A man of hope.

Don't be bothering me with your silly questions.  
Son, be a doctor.  
Grant my wish.  
When the time comes...  
Be a doctor.

Do you truly believe in me?  
He would have loved America...  
For that was his dream.  
He would have loved me.  
I was his dream.

You shall be a humanist, curing the world of its ill.  
Grandpa was ill for only a week,  
So contradictory to the robust demeanor.  
He left before greeting me.

You were supposed to be the great man of medicine.  
It is your curse.  
I am the exact clone of my aunt.  
She was A-goong's favorite.  
I am his preferred.

You shall be a doctor.  
He would have loved me you know.  
I am his dream.

Yes, father - I am a doctor. I have cured you.



## The Island

---

A scroll hangs  
from the contemporary wall.  
Down the frayed paper  
are the characters,  
Chinese perhaps,  
Japanese for all I know.  
Just brush strokes,  
Something about  
honor and integrity,  
I forget.

The segregation at dinner  
is so unbearable.  
My parents  
use the primitive bamboo  
slats like expert  
Chinese grandmothers,  
knitting for the anticipated grand-  
son.  
They use the tiny tea cups filled  
with longevity billowing  
steam causing acid rain.  
My brother and I properly  
handle the gleaming silver of  
such sophisticated  
usage.

Our Alvin and the Chipmunks  
skyscraping glasses  
are filled with the  
finest of fizzling  
Diet Coke.

The tender smell of my apple pie  
clashes with  
the peculiar odor  
of my mother's sour  
fried tofu  
and steamed rice rolls.  
My mother's high voice  
chanting to me  
like a Buddhist prayer  
in her twangy language  
that today is the Moon Festival.  
I answer  
in MY first language.

On the island  
where Chinese proverbs  
are cherished,  
people smile  
when there is rice  
on the table  
once again.

Now in the phone book lists  
Doris Wongs, Suzy Chows, and  
Charles Chens.  
am I only one of THEM?



## Cat & Mouse 2

---

The sun comes out and shines brightly, warming the gigantic mud-puddle of a campus within which Cat and Mouse bask in the afternoon sun like frogs in a swamp. Students walk across the great lawn, stopping for once to smell the roses. No, wait a minute: there are no roses on the Great Lawn, even in spring.

But we need some kind of cliché there, for a true feeling of lazy springtime. Okay, how about this: Students walk across the great lawn, stopping for once to smell the excremental efforts of the campus canine community.....

The coming of spring on campus is a sometimes nonexistent but generally joyful event. You know it's spring when you are woken up at 5:30 in the morning by birds twittering outside your window. You know it's spring when you get nervous sitting next to an anthill; when your teachers start loosening their ties in class; when you step on crocus buds on your way out of relphil.

You know it's spring when Cat and Mouse stretch out on the grass, almost asleep, watching the sun through their eyelids, and trying in vain to finish a.....

Sincerely,  
Cat and  
Mouse '92

When the first Kade, or chief, led the people from the place of darkness into the world of light at a place called Tall-timber-on top-of-the-hill, he told them that the Great Father had sent them a child. The child would be named Kaesti. When the child grew up he would show the people right from wrong. In time, as the people settled down in the world of light, they noticed that their Kade was ignoring them. Kaesti understood. The Kade had never married. Secretly in the night he was going to sleep with his sister. She did not know who he was. One night she decided to mark him in a way that he would not know what she had done. In the morning the Kade bore a dark mark across his forehead. When she saw the mark she knew she could not live like this and told the people. The Kade became ashamed and wished to leave his people. He died soon after. But when the people look into the sky at night they can still see him. He shines bright except for the marks of shame across his face. The people call him Nish.

The Caddo Confederacy is broken up into three bands: the Hasinai, the Kadohadacho, and the Natchitoches. Their place of coming out was in northern Louisiana and eastern Texas, and this is where all their sacred places are. It is estimated from archeological findings of pottery shards that the Caddo must have lived in this place, perhaps as a different people, for at least one thousand years. But after the white people came, the Caddo did not stay there very long. The white people, first the French, brought cloth, silver, beads, and disease. Once the United States was founded, the state of the Caddo Confederacy only worsened. Over a period of about one hundred years, the Caddo were pushed out of their motherland into northwestern Texas and then on into Oklahoma, where they were given a tiny piece of land left over from the land the Five Civilized Tribes did not want. The Confederacy shrank from a population of eight thousand thriving in Louisiana to eight hundred people in Oklahoma.

When I left my homeland to come to a boarding school, not even an Indian school, I lost many things. I would close in upon myself, trying to save as much as possible, but it would slip through my fingers. I remember walking in a dark field once and looking up at the sky. There, in the arms of pine trees as the moon rode the sky, I felt I could survive. They take away many things, but they cannot steal the moon. ◇

## Dreamplain

---

Now I am walking on a plain.  
It is a plain that stretches beyond infinity.  
I am surrounded by a light.  
A thin film of clouds  
holds me away from the sun.  
The wind swirls about me.  
It sings through the grass.  
It caresses my ear.  
I walk through this,  
this endless unbroken plain.

In the distance I see a horse.  
It drifts toward me over the grass.  
A dark horse with eyes that betray nothing.  
My hand rises. I touch the skin. I reach inside.  
Out you come.  
I pull the blonde head out first.  
The body follows as the horse shimmers.  
You lie naked on the grass before me. The horse is gone.  
I bend down and take you in my arms.  
The ground lifts us up. We are rising.  
We are a great mountain. It begins to rain.  
You are my child.  
I hold your face in my arms.  
Your skin is pale. Your hair is fair.  
You sprang fully grown from a horse.  
The rain washes over us together.  
I rub my fingers over your body.  
I rub you into sleep.

But you are unnatural.  
Horses do not exist on the plain.  
Your kind do not belong on the plain.  
You are my dream. There is no mountain.  
I am walking on a plain.  
I do not hold you.  
I see you only with the eye of the mind.  
It rains a constant pattern.  
I am dreaming...





## Pieces

---

1. Evenings after coed softball in the dirt patches of the dandelion field by the tracks and grocery store, we walked, rejected the confines of cars--gnarled home-grown vegetable and haircut families, we always walked--to the hypnotic buzz of local bars.

A group united by a certain mix of fear and paradise we gulped out Shirley Temples, sucked the maraschinos bland. We pulled for the satisfying elastic snap of pinball machines, the twirl and click-clatter of foosball. The beg for change was unthinkable. And we were the only ones on the dance floor, the tired DJ flickering those lights again that--when you moved--cut you in sections of negative and positive, like a slow reel of black-and-white film. Lights set electric fire to hair so it spat like sparklers.

And the glasses of beer were bottomless, my mother and her friends in a world so free it was not quite adult. Still young!, guitars, not-really-free dates, and softball. Later, after games, the Berrymans sang--the accordian wailed, we joined in. They greeted us as family at the Crystal Corner bar, or in the loud crowded warmth of Willy St. or Mother's Pub. Almost time for going on, for commitments and kids seeing more than that secondary world of stiff small men in soccer uniforms--dimming disco lights. Almost.

2. She broke her leg sliding into second, and when the call came my father looked at me and I knew Mom was dead. But it was only a break, and we were used to her injuries: bruises and bloody cuts we had to point out, horrified, before she cleaned them.

And they told her no more running, no release for legs of animal pull, tough and wild--the final break for limbs that forgot that spring back into further danger; no more softball. I supposed that was why I found eight bottles, inside still moist, trickling water turning vodka-sour only when it burned--no longer nameless, this comforting mother-smell mixed with sweet minton the good-night kiss. Eight random outlaws in the musty folds of sweaters. And I suppose that was why I had to smash them all in the basement of cat and laundry excrement, the crunch and splintering of the firewood axe used on bottle in paper bags that made them any derelict's possession. Eight ugly crystal-clear catastrophes, my mother's fierce solitude in pieces: no more team, no adult who survived and struggled up. Broken, she went on.

## I Killed Franco Matic

---

I killed Franco Matic. I'll admit it to you all just as I admitted it to the jury of students when they asked me this question. Yes, at 7:45, when the sun had fallen, on the 18th day of March in the year 1990, I took a clean dagger in my hand, crept up behind Franco, and stabbed him. I'll freely admit this act to you because I expect you to exonerate me just as the jury of students did. I didn't hate Franco Matic, for I was his friend. I could list many of his fine qualities and say that he was a great man. But he also had one great flaw, ambition. And because of the flaw, I had to plot his death. Yes, because of that one thing, if he were let to live, Franco would have reversed all the accomplishments that he, myself, and the rest of the Phillips Academy underground development organization had made. He would have enveloped the students of Phillips Academy in a tyranny as great as the one from which they were freed by the construction of the tunnels. To have had the great underground network give in to the tyranny of the very man most instrumental to its creation would be a tragedy to sad for my eyes to witness. That is why, my friends, I killed him.

They were strange and sorry times indeed which led to the construction of the network. My fellow students, you must remember the as I do those dreadful events of last year. Donald McNemar was struck down with a most fearful and horrific ailment. In his place came the headmaster of St. Paul's, Perceville DuPont Rockefeller the Twelfth. On that most infamous day known now as Black Monday, a bulletin was posted listing the new rules of the academy. And that was but the beginning. flogging and ear boxing went back into practise, the sanctuary was completely defoliated with agent orange, and OPP was armed with tear gas, rubber bullets, and tranquilizer guns. Things seemed oh so dreary that first weekend. The only social function was a "Gay Twenties Raccoon Coat" dance. Franco, myself, and some other lads just sat around our dorm room trying to get inebriated on advil. Little did we know then what terrific consequences our conversation was to have. One kid, clad in an extremely ugly raccoon coat, jokingly suggested that we needed to build a secret underground tunnel system. This was the spark that set the Underground movement in motion. Everyone laughed except Franco. He just sat silently in a leatherette chair for hour. Then, in a seriousness which transcended his zoot suit, he said "Hey man, that's a good ideal".

Later that night, Franco convinced me. It was a brilliant idea, and Franco Matic was just brilliant

enough to make it reality. It wasn't just that he was keen in thought and prudent in action. He was a natural leader. Tall and attractive, he had a stately demeanor which commanded peoples respect and naturally hid his dark secrets and intentions. Franco looked like such a clean-cut prep you couldn't help but give him every ounce of your trust. When, the next day, we went to the Olliver Wendell Holmes library and checked out "Tunnel Construction for Beginners" and "the Mole Scout Guide to Building Your Own Tunnel", I knew it would become a reality.

From that sacred day on, progress went at a rapid pace. Millions of dollars worth of heavy machinery were shipped piece by piece in LL-BEAN a J-CREW boxes. The Varsity athletes, promised unlimited Keg parties, were all to willing to do the hard labor. We even managed to sell the excavated dirt to "South of Italy Dirt Company". After two short months, we witnessed the impossible; the construction of 10 miles of fully lit, fully ventilated tunnels, connecting all the basements of all the dorms. It was a beautiful sight indeed. The tunnels became a structure whose only purpose was to satisfy the most lowly of desires. And oh how lowly these desires were. Nary a student could be seen who wasn't holding a jug of German beer or a pipeful of that most fragrant weed from Columbia. Moaning bodies, stripped of all decent attire, formed all positions of the dirty floor. It is even rumored, though I know not the truth, that in the deeper regions of the tunnels there were rooms devoted specifically to the purchase and consumption of opium.

As soon as the tunnels were completed, there was an elaborate ceremony where Franco was recognized as the founder and even bequeathed an honorary title. Yet Franco wasn't satisfied with this. He soon undertook an elaborate campaign. Posters were tacked to the walls insisting that guards and taxes were needed. He soon preached a message of worry and fear, almost everyone was installed with an exaggerated sense of the fragility of the Tunnels. They were, as Franco explained in a large rally, constantly threatened by many forces, and a strong leader was needed to keep these forces in check. I was not surprised when Franco was unanimously named the Ruler of the Underground Network. I must confess, my friends, that I too voted for his inauguration, not knowing at the time his true intentions. But soon I became suspicious. At every entrance there were large statues of all but his head, so he wouldn't be recognized by a lost house counselor. The taxes demanded by the guards were outrageous, and soon we learned



---

a large sum went to Franco himself. The guards obeyed only his command and if Franco and his mistress were in the mood he would have everyone kicked out of the tunnels. Franco himself only subscribed to certain sinful acts, and he had most others confined to the less accessible portions of the tunnel. Soon he even insisted people drink only his home-grown wine, which had a frightful taste, and for this privilege a hefty sum was charged.

I went to talk to Franco one cold, winter night. His private room was magnificent. Great Persian rugs hid the stone walls. The floor was scattered with large, pastel, pillows and short mahogany coffee tables. Franco lay with his naked mistress on a huge, purple pillow. In one corner, several exotic female dancers swayed to the hum of a sitar. In another, there was a tremendous plasma ball with strange lizards crawling on top of it. One pretty servant girl, dressed only from her waist down, delicately popped maricino cherries into Franco's mouth. Another teenage girl, whose auburn hair cascaded over her breasts, waved a folding paper fan, ruffling Franco's blond hair. Dozens of cats with silky black coats sauntered around the immense lair.

I was ushered into the room by a male guard who seemed to have an unnaturally high voice, and sat down on a lavender pillow. To my great dismay, Franco's mistress quickly wrapped herself in a velvet towel. With a mighty snap of his fingers, Franco commanded one of the servants to bring out a bottle of wine and pour three glasses. It was a glorious wine. Delicate, dry, a feast to my senses. I looked at the blemished, yellow label, and indeed it wasn't Franco's private brand. I quaffed a few more glasses of this most pleasurable drink, exchanging pleasantries, talking about the weather, and avoiding that topic which I knew I must discuss. Soon the bottle was finished, and I knew my digression must cease.

"Franco, people are beginning to resent your power", I suggested.

"Let them resent all they want, but if I find out who they are I'll kill them, the way I did poor McNemar", said Franco, ranting like a depraved lunatic.

I was shocked. I had no ideal that Franco killed Donald McNemar. But then the dark realization struck me. This was all part of Franco's despicable plan for power. I tried to maintain whatever reason was left to me.

"The people who resent you are started starting to talk and plot against you. You underestimate these people, they have their own devices. Oh dearest Franco, you may have a million guards, but you'll never be able to fully trust all of them. "

"No one will kill me, and besides, I'd rather die then give up the power I have now. I earned it all; I nurtured this idea through its infancy to the wondrous creation it is now. I did, I did. So tell me, If a man works so hard, doesn't he deserve to be rewarded? Doesn't he deserve to eat at the Andover Inn instead of commons? Doesn't he deserve to have a little power."

"A little power? you control this place. It's no better than the rest of the campus now. We couldn't do what we wanted above the ground, and now we can't do what we want below the ground. I don't see much of a difference."

"Well someone has to be in control, maintain a little discipline, make sure the light bulbs get changed, keep the faculty out. Your just resentful that that someone is me and not you. Yes, Tony, my friend, your desires are no more virtuous than mine."

He laughed obscenely. Franco was beyond reason, beyond my advise. I didn't want to wait around here to get killed, so I started to shuffle out of the room. I was stepping out the door when I felt a strong pain behind my back. Franco's honchos had grabbed me and were dragging me towards an exit of the tunnel. When I reached the end of the basement stairs, I realized the worst. I was in an Abbot cluster girls dorm. I knew I couldn't go back into the tunnel, so I had to find my way back to the dorm outside and chance getting by OPP. I ran out of the dorm, slipping in the muddy, defoliated grounds. I fell down in a muddy puddle and lifted my head to see the brilliant blinking lights of the OPP student restraint vehicles.

When I woke up in an utter daze, I was at the Is-ham infirmary. My official diagnosis was "Student Fatigue" yet bruises covered me and every bone of mine ached. My ailments seemed too severe to be caused merely from want of sleep. I turned on the old black and white T.V. and was nearly fully immersed in an idiotic sitcom when a friend walked through the sterile, white, door.

"Tony," he said, "are you all right, your were shot with about 60 rounds of large OPP rubber bullets."

---

I wasn't surprised to hear this, there had to be a cover-up. I also knew that my own health had to be put aside so I can devote all of myself to the survival of the Underground.

"How is the tunnel," I gasped, trying to find the energy to speak.

"It's pretty beat. Every day Franco gets a bunch of people together and flogs kids for entertainment. He's also issuing new rules every second. Dig this, now you have to wear a suit and tie every night from 8 to 12. He's become worse than that Percy guy."

"There is only one thing we can do, and that is kill him", I whispered.

"Yeah, your vibes are on target. That's why I brought you this knife from commons. "

"Why should I do it, your not the one in Isham."

"Dude, I'm on probation. If I kill someone I'm going to be kicked out of here for sure." He left me in a pensive state. How easily the unthinkable had flowed from my mind. Kill Franco, he who did so much to create the tunnel, he who I still thought my friend. Yet I knew it had to be done. ◇

## Staff

---

Editor in Chief: Leslie Chang

Lisa Levy

Kiersten Todt

Regina Crespo

Elisa Istueta

Maggie Mailer

Chad Rockwell

Melissa Brown

Elisa Istueta

Mari Fetzer

Torrey Clark

Grace Yeh

Sarah Burgess

Mimi Maltagliati

Casey Greenfield

Grace Kang

Margaret Litvin

Meg Smith

Roy Bautista

Special thanks to:  
Jennie Cline  
Bruce Smith  
Valerie Leroy Moon

Cover art: Mari Fetzer



## Special Patrons

---

The Bing Family

Mr. Andrew J. Andreasen

The O'Kelley Family

The Partridge Family

Francis and Katherine Yoon

Anne Clark Grey

The Rhinelander Family

The Glass Family

Dr. and Mrs. Paul Ramsey

The Moody Family

Mr. and Mrs. Anton Kimball

The Sabot Family

John C. Kirtland

The Canavin Family

The Griswold Family

The Hopkins Family

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Englander

The Park Family

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wohlstadter

The Levy Family

Mr. and Mrs. Theo de Vrieze









